



M^r. Kemble *as* Henry V.



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KING HENRY V.

A

TRAGEDY,

IN FIVE ACTS.

WRITTEN BY

SHAKESPEARE.

TAKEN FROM

THE MANAGER'S BOOK,

AT THE

Theatre Royal, Drury - Lane.

L O N D O N :

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

DRURY-LANE.

MEN.

King Henry the Fifth	_____	Mr. Kemble.
Duke of Gloucester	} Brothers to the King	Mr. Benson,
Duke of Bedford		Mr. Dignum.
Duke of Exeter, Uncle to the King		Mr. Aickin.
Earl of Westmoreland	_____	Mr. R. Palmer.
Archbishop of Canterbury	_____	Mr. Maddocks.
Bishop of Ely	_____	Mr. Jones.
Earl of Cambridge	} Conspirators against the King	Mr. Webb.
Lord Scroop		Mr. Wilton.
Sir Thomas Grey		Mr. Lamash.
Sir Thomas Erpingham	_____	Mr. Waldron.
Gower	} Officers in King Hen- ry's Army.	Mr. Williams.
Fluellen		Mr. Baddeley.
Nym	} Formerly Servants to Falstaff, now Sol- diers in King Hen- ry's Army.	Mr. Burton.
Bardolph		Mr. Alfred.
Pistol		Mr. Suett.
Boy		Master Grigson.
Williams	} Soldiers	Mr. Whitfield.
Bates		Mr. Banks.
Charles the Sixth, King of France	_____	Mr. Packer.
The Dauphin	_____	Mr. Barrymore.
Duke of Burgundy	_____	Mr. Phillimore.
Constable	_____	Mr. Fawcett
Governor of Harfleur	_____	Mr. Hollingsworth.
Montjoy, a Herald	_____	

WOMEN.

Isabel, Queen of France	_____	Mrs. Ward.
Katharine, Daughter to the King of France	_____	Miss. Collins.
Quickly, Pistol's Wife, an Hostess	_____	Mrs. Booth.

Lords, Heralds, Messengers, French and English Soldiers,
with other Attendants.

The Scene, at the Beginning of the Play, lies in England;
but, afterwards, what



KING HENRY V.

ACT I. *An Anti-chamber in the English Court. Enter the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Bishop of Ely.*

Cant. **M**Y Lord, I'll tell you—That self bill is urg'd,
Which in the eleventh year o' th' last king's
Was like, and had indeed against us past, (reign,
But that the scrambling and unquiet time
Did push it out of farther question.

Ely. But how, my lord, shall we resist it now?

Cant. It must be thought on: if it pass against us,
We lose the better part of our possession;
For all the temporal lands, which men devout
By testament have given to the church,
Would they strip from us.

Ely. But what prevention?

Cant. The king is full of grace and fair regard.

Ely. And a true lover of the holy church.

But, my good lord,
How now, for mitigation of this bill,
Urg'd by the commons; doth his majesty
Incline to it, or no?

Cant. He's rather swaying more upon our part,
Than cherishing th' exhibitors against us.
For I have made an offer to his majesty,
Upon our spiritual convocation,
And in regard of causes now in hand,
Which I have open'd to his grace at large,
As touching France, to give a greater sum,
Than ever at one time the clergy yet,
Did to his predecessors part withal.

Ely. How did this offer seem receiv'd, my lord?

Cant. With good acceptance of his majesty;
Save that there was not time enough to hear,
(As I perceived his grace would fain have done)
The several and unhidden passages,
Of his true titles to some certain dukedoms,
And generally to the crown of France,
Deriv'd from Edward, his great grandfather.

Ely. What was th' impediment that broke this off?

Cant. The French ambassador, upon that instant,
Crav'd audience; and the hour I think is come
To give him hearing. Is it four o'clock?

Ely. It is.

Cant.

KING HENRY V.

Cant. Then go we in to know his embassy.

Ely. I'll wait upon you, and I long to hear it. *Exeunt.*

Scene II. *The Audience Chamber.* *K. Henry* discovered on his throne. Gloucester, Bedford, Westmorland, Exeter, &c. attending.— (*Flourish.*)

K. Henry. Where is my gracious lord of Canterbury?

Exe. Not here, in pretence.

K. Hen. Send for him, good brother. (*Exit a Herald.*)
West. Shall we call in the ambassador, my liege?

K. Hen. Not yet, my cousin; we would be resolv'd
Before we hear him, of some things of weight,
That task our thoughts, concerning us and France?

*Enter Herald, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and
Bishop of Ely.*

Cant. Heav'n and its angels guard your sacred throne,
And make you long become it.

K. Hen. We thank you.

My learned lord, we pray you to proceed,
And justly, and religiously unfold,
Why, the law Salic, that they have in France,
Or should, or should not, bar us in our claim.
And, Heav'n forbid, my dear and faithful lord,
That you should fashion, wrest, or bow your reading;
Or nicely charge your understanding soul,
With opening titles, misereate, whose right
Suits not in native colours with the truth.
For Heav'n doth know, how many now in health
Shall drop their blood, in approbation
Of what your reverence shall incite us to.
Therefore take heed how you impawn our person,
How you awake our sleeping sword of war;
We charge you, in the name of Heav'n, take heed.
Under which conjuration, speak, my lord.

Cant. Then hear me, gracious sovereign,
There's no bar
To make against your highness' claim to France,
But this, which they produce from Pharamond;
No woman shall succeed in Salic land;
Which Salic land the French unjustly glose
To be the realm of France; and Pharamond;
The founder of this law, and female bar.
Yet their own authors faithfully affirm,
That the land Salic lies in Germany,
Between the floods of Sala and of Elbe;
Nor did the French possess the Salic land,

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Until four hundred one and twenty years,
 After defunction of king Pharamond,
 (Idly suppos'd the founder of this law.)
 Besides their writers say,
 King Pepin, who deposed Childerick,
 Did hold in right and title of the female.
 So do the kings of France, unto this day.
 Howbeit, they would hold up this Salic law,
 To bar your highness claiming from the female.

K. Hen. May I, with right and conscience make this

Cant. The sin upon my head, dread sovereign: (claim?
 For in the book of Numbers, it is writ,
 When the sun dies, let the inheritance
 Descend unto the daughter.

Exc. Gracious lord,
 Stand for your own, unwind your bloody flag,
 Look back into your mighty ancestors.
 Go, my dread lord, to your great grandfire's tomb,
 From whom you claim; invoke his warlike spirit,
 And your great uncle, Edward, the Black Prince,
 Who, on the French ground play'd a tragedy,
 Making defeat on the full power of France:
 Whilst his most mighty father, on a hill,
 Stood smiling, to behold his lion's whelp
 Forage in blood of French nobility.

Glo. O, noble English, that could entertain,
 With half their forces, the full power of France,
 And let another half stand laughing by,
 All out of work, and cold for action!

West. Awake remembrance of these valiant dead,
 And with your puissant arm renew their seats!
 You are their heir; you sit upon their throne;
 The blood and courage that renowned them,
 Run in your veins; and my thrice puissant Liege
 Is in the very May-morn of his youth,
 Ripe for exploits and mighty enterprises.

Glo. Your brother king's, and monarchs of the earth,
 Do all expect that you should rouse yourself,
 As did the former lions of your blood.

Exc. They know your Grace hath cause; and means
 and might
 So hath your highness; never King of England
 Had nobles richer, and more loyal subjects,
 Whose hearts have left their bodies here in England,
 And lie pavilion'd in the field of France.

6 KING HENRY V.

O, let their bodies follow my dear Liege,
With blood and sword and fire to win your right.

Cant. In aid whereof, we of the spirituality,
Will raise your highness such a mighty sum,
As never did the clergy at one time
Bring in to any of your ancestors.

K. Hen. We must not only arm t'invade the French,
But lay down our proportions to defend
Against the Scot.

For you shall read, that my great grandfather
Never went with his forces into France,
But that the Scot on his unfurnish'd kingdom
Came pouring like the tide into a breach;
That England, being empty of defence,
Hath shook and trembled at th' ill neighbourhood.

Exe. She hath been then more fear'd than harm'd, my
Liege;

For hear her but exampled by herself.
When all her chivalry hath been in France,
And she a mourning widow of her nobles,
She hath herself, not only well defended,
But taken and impounded as a stray,
The King of Scots; whom she did send to France,
To fill king Edward's fame with prisoner kings;
And make his chronicle as rich with praise,
As is the ouzy bottom of the sea
With sunken wreck, and sumless treasures.

Cant. Therefore, to France, my Liege.
Divide your happy England into four;
Whereof take you one quarter into France,
And you with that shall make all Gallia shake.
If we, with thrice such powers left at home,
Cannot defend our own doors from the dog,
Let us be worried, and our nation lose
The name of hardiness, and policy.

K. Hen. Call in the messengers sent from the Dauphin.
(Exit Herald.)

Now are we well resolv'd; and by heaven's help
And yours, the noble sinews of our power,
France being ours, we'll bend it to our awe,
Or break it all to pieces.

*Enter Herald, with Constable and Mountjoy the Ambassadors
of France.*

Now are we well prepar'd to know the pleasure
Of our fair cousin Dauphin; for we hear

Your

K I N G H E N R Y V.

7

Your greeting is from him, not from the king.

Const. May't please your majesty to give us leave
Freely to render what we have in charge ;
Or, shall we sparingly shew you far off,
The Dauphin's meaning, and our embassy ?

K. Hen. We are no tyrant, but a christian king ;
Therefore, with frank, and with uncurbed plainness,
Tell us the Dauphin's mind.

Const. Thus, then in few.
Your Highness lately sending into France,
Did claim some certain dukedoms, in the right
Of your great predeceffor, Edward the third.
In answer of which claim, the prince our master,
Says, that you favour too much of your youth,
And bids you be advis'd. There's nought in France,
That can be with a nimble galliard won ;
You cannot revel into dukedoms there.
He therefore sends you (meeter for your spirit)
A tun of treasure ; and in lieu of thi,
Desires you let the dukedoms, that you claim,
Hear no more of you. This the Dauphin speaks.

K. Hen. What treasure, uncle ?

Exo. Tennis balls, my Liege.

K. Hen. We're glad the Dauphin is so pleasant with us.
His present, and your pains, we thank you for.
When we have match'd our rackets to these balls,
We will, in France, by heaven's grace, play a set.
Shall strike his father's crown into the hazard.
And tell him that we understand him well
How he comes o'er us with our wicker days,
Not measuring what use we made of them.
I never valued this poor seat of England.
But tell the Dauphin, I will keep my state,
Be like a king, and shew my sail of greatness,
When I do rouze me in my throne of France ;
For I will rise there, with so full a glory,
That I will dazzle all the eyes of France ;
Yea strike the Dauphin blind to look on us,
But this lies all within the will of heaven,
To whom I do appeal ; and in whose name,
Tell you the Dauphin, I am coming on,
To venge me as I may, and to put forth
My rightful hand, in a well-hallow'd cause ;
So get you hence in peace, and tell the Dauphin
His jest will favour but of shallow wit,

When thousands weep more than did laugh at it,
Convey them with safe conduct, fare you well.

[*Exeunt Ambassadors.*]

Exe. This was a merry message.

K. Hen. We hope to make the sencer blush at it.
Therefore, my lords, omit no happy hour,
That may give furtherance to our expedition :
For we have now no thoughts in us but France,
Save those to heav'n that run before our business.
Therefore let our proportions for these wars
Be soon collected, and all thought upon,
That may with reasonable swiftness add
More feathers to our wings ; for heav'n before.
We'll chide this Dauphin at his father's door. [*Flo.—Ex.*]

SCENE III. *Before Quickly's House in Eastcheap.*

Enter Corp. Nim. and Lieut. Bardolph, meeting.

Bard. Well met, Corporal Nim.

Nim. Good morrow, Lieutenant Bardolph.

Bard. What, are ancient Pistol and you friends, yet ?

Nim. For my part, I care not. I say little ; but when
time shall serve, there shall be smiles. But that shall be
as it may. I dare not fight, but I will wink, and hold
out mine iron ; it is a simple one, but what though ? it
will toast cheese, and it will endure cold, as another
man's sword will, and there's an end.

Bard. I will bestow a breakfast to make you friends,
and we'll be all three sworn brothers to France. Let it
be so, good corporal Nim.

Nim. Faith I will live so long as I may, that's the cer-
tain of it ; and when I cannot live any longer, I will do
as I may : that is my rest, that is my rest, that is the
rendezvous of it.

Bard. It is certain, corporal, that he is married to Nell
Quickly, and certainly she did you wrong, for you were
troth-plight to her.

Nim. I cannot tell, things must be as they may ; men
may sleep, and they may have their throats about them
at that time ; and some say, knives have edges. It must
be as it may ; though patience be a tir'd mare, yet she
will plod. There must be conclusions. Well, I cannot
tell.

Enter Pistol and Quickly.

Bard. Here comes ancient Pistol and his wife. Good
corporal be patient here. How now, mine host Pistol ?

Pist. Bafe tyke, callst thou me host ? Now by this hand
I swear

KING HENRY V.

I swear I scorn the term: nor shall my Nell keep lodgers.

Quick. O, welladay lady, if he be not drawn! Now, we shall see wilful adultery, and murder committed.

Bard Good ancient, good corporal, offer nothing here.

Nim. Pish.

Pist. Pish for thee, Iceland dog; thou prick-ear'd cur of Iceland.

Quick. Good corporal Nim, shew thy valour, and put up thy sword.

Nim. Will you shog off! I would have you *solus*.

Pist. *Solus*, egregious dog! O viper vile!

The *solus* in thy most marvellous face

The *solus* in thy teeth, and in thy throat,

I do retort the *solus* in thy bowels.

Nim. I am not barbascon, you cannot conjure me. I have an humour to knock you indifferently well; if you grom foul with me, Pistol, I will scour you with my rapier, as I may in fair terms, and that's the humour of it.

Pist. O, braggart vile, and damned furious wight, Think'st thou my spouse to get?

I have, and I will hold. the Quondam Quickly, For th'only she; and *pauca*, there's enough; go to.

Enter the Boy.

Boy Mine host, Pistol, you must come to my master, and your hostess; he is very sick and would to bed, Good Bardolph, put thy nose between his sheets, and do the offices of a warming pan. Faith, he's very ill.

Bard. Away, you rogue.

Quick. By my troth, he'll yield the crow a pudding one of these days; the King has killed his heart. Good husband, come home, presently. [*Exeunt Quick. and Boy.*]

Bard. Come shall I make you two friends? We must to France together. Why the devil should we keep knives to cut one another's throats?

Pist. Let floods o'erswell, and fiends for food howl on.

Nim. You'll pay me the eight shillings I won of you at betting?

Pist. Base is the slave that pays.

Nim. That now I will have: that's the humour of it.

Pist. As manhood shall compound, push home. *Draws.*

Bard. By this sword, he that makes the first thrust, I'll kill him; by this sword I will.

Pist. Sword is an oath, and oaths must have their course.

Bard. Corporal Nim, as thou wilt be friends, be friends,
an thou wilt not why then be enemies with me, too;
pr'ythee put up.

Pist. A noble shalt thou have, and present pay,
And liquor likewise will I give to thee,
For I shall futler be
Unto the camp, and profits will accrue.
Give me thy hand.

Nim. I shall have my noble?

Pist. In cash most justly paid.

Nim. Well then, that's the humour oft.

Enter Quickly.

Quick. As ever you came of women, come in quickly to
Sir John: Ah, poor heart, he is so shak'd of a burning
quotidian tertian, that it is most lamentable to behold.
Sweet men, come to him. *[Exit.*

Nim. The King hath run bad humours on the knight,
that's the even of it.

Pist. Nim, thou hast spoke the right, his heart is fract-
ed and corroborate.

Nim. The King is a good King, but it must be as may;
he passes some humours and careers.

Pist. Let us condole the knight; for, lambkins! we
will live. *(Exeunt.)*

ACT II. Scene I. Southampton. *Enter Exeter, Bed-
ford, and Westmorland.*

Bed. 'FORE heaven, his grace is bold to trust these
traitors.

Exe. They shall be apprehended by and by.

West. How smooth and even they do bear themselves,
As if allegiance in their bosoms sate,
Crowned with faith and constant loyalty!

Bed. The King hath note of all that they intend,
By interception, which they dream not of.

Exe. Nay but the man that was his bed-fellow,
Whom he hath lull'd and cloy'd with gracious favours;
That he should, for a foreign purse, so sell
His sovereign's life to death and treachery! *[Trump. sound.*

Enter King Henry, Scroop, Cambridge, Grey and Attendants.

K. Henry. Now sits the wind fair, and we will aboard.
My Lord of Cambridge, and my Lord of Mafham,
And you, my gentle Knight, give me your thoughts:

Think

KING HENRY V.

11

Think you not that the pow'rs we bear with us,
Will cut their passage through the force of France ?

Scroop. No doubt, my liege ; if each man do his best.

K. Henry. I doubt not that, since we are well persuaded,

We carry not a heart with us from hence,
That grows not in a fair consent with ours ;
And leave not one behind that doth not wish
Success and conquest to attend on us.

Camb. Never was monarch better fear'd and lov'd,
Than is your Majesty ; there's not a subject,
That sits in heart-grief and uneasiness,
Under the sweet shade of your government.

Grey. True ; those that were your father's enemies,
Have slept their galls in honey, and observe you,
With hearts create of duty and of zeal.

K. Henry. We therefore have great cause of thankfulness,

And shall forget the office of our hand,
Sooner than quittance of desert and merit,
According to the weight and worthiness.
Uncle of Exeter,

Inlarge the man committed yesterday,
That rail'd against our person : we consider
It was excess of wine that set him on,
And on his more advice we pardon him.

Scroop. That's mercy, but too much security :
Let him be punish'd Sovereign, lest example
Breed, by his sufferance, more of such a kind.

K. Henry. O let us yet be merciful.

Camb. So may your Highness, and yet punish too.

Grey. You shew great mercy, if you give him life ;
After the taste of much correction.

K. Hen. We'll yet enlarge that man,
Though Cambridge, Scroop, and Grey, in their dear care,

And tender preservation of our person,
Would have him punish'd. Now to our French causes ?
Who are the late commissioners ?

Cam. I one, my Lord.
Your Highness bade me ask for it, to-day.

Scroop. So did you me, my liege.

Grey. And I, my sovereign.

K. Hen. Then Richard Earl of Cambridge, there is yours ;

There

There yours, Lord Scroop of Masham; and Sir Knight,
 Grey of Northumberland, this same is yours;
 Read them, and know, I know your worthiness.
 My Lord of Westmorland, and uncle Exeter,
 We will aboard to-night. Why, how now, gentlemen?
 What see you in those papers, that you lose
 So much complexion? Look ye, how they change!
 Their cheeks are paper! Why, what read you there,
 That hath so cowarded and chas'd your blood,
 Out of appearance?

Cam. I confess my fault,
 And do submit me to your Highness's mercy.

Grey. Scroop. To which we all appeal.

K. Hen. The mercy which was quick in us but late,
 By your own counsel is suppress'd and kill'd:
 You must not dare for shame to talk of mercy.
 See you, my princes, and my noble peers,
 These English monsters! my Lord Cambridge here,
 You know how apt our love was to accord,
 To furnish him with all appertinents,
 Belonging to his honour; and this man
 Hath, for a few light crowns lightly conspir'd,
 And sworn unto the practices of France,
 To kill us, here in Hampton. To the which,
 This knight, no less for bounty bound to us,
 Than Cambridge is, hath likewise sworn. But O!
 What shall I say to thee, Lord Scroop, thou cruel,
 Ingrateful, savage, and inhuman creature!
 Thou, that didst bear the key of all my counsels,
 That knew'st the very bottom of my soul,
 That almost might'st have coin'd me into gold,
 Would'st thou have practis'd on me for thy use?
 May it be possible that foreign hire
 Could out of thee extract one spark of evil,
 That might annoy my finger? 'Tis so strange,
 That though the truth of it stand off as gross,
 As black and white, my eye will scarcely see it.
 If that same dæmon that hath gull'd thee thus,
 Should with his lion-gate walk the whole world,
 He might return to vasty Tartar back,
 And tell the legions, I can never win
 A soul so easy as that Englishman's.
 Their faults are open.
 Arrest them to the answer of the law,
 And Heav'n acquit them of their practices.

KING HENRY V.

11

Exe. I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Richard Earl of Cambridge,

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Lord Scroop of Masham.

I arrest thee of high treason, by the name of Thomas Grey, Knight of Northumberland.

Scroop. Our purposes Heav'n justly hath discover'd,
And I repent my fault, more than my death;
Which I beseech your Highness to forgive,
Although my body pay the price of it.

Cam. For me, the gold of France did not seduce,
Although I did admit it as a motive,
The sooner to effect what I intended;
But Heaven be thanked for prevention,
Which I in suff'rance heartily rejoice for,
Beseeching Heaven and you to pardon me.

Grey. Never did faithful subject more rejoice
At the discovery of most dangerous treason,
Than I do at this hour joy o'er myself,
Prevented from a damned enterprise:

My fault, but not my body, pardon, Sovereign.

K. Henry. You have conspir'd against our royal person,
Join'd with an enemy, and from his coffers
Receiv'd the golden earnest of our death;
Wherein you would have sold your king to slaughter,
His princes and his peers to servitude,
His subjects to oppression and contempt,
And his whole kingdom into desolation.
Touching our person, seek we no revenge,
But we our kingdom's safety must so tender.
Whose ruin you three sought, that to her laws
We do deliver you. Go therefore hence,
Poor miserable wretches, to your death;
The taste whereof Heav'n of its mercy give
You patience to endure; and true repentance
Of all your dear offences. Bear them hence.

[*Exeunt* Scroop, Grey, and Cambridge guarded.]

Now, lords, for France: the enterprise whereof
Shall be to you, as us, like glorious.

Then forth, dear countrymen,

Putting it straight in expedition.

Cheerly to sea, the signs of war advance,

No King of England, if no King of France.

Exeunt.
Scene

Scene II. *Quickly's House in Eastcheap. Enter Pistol, Nim, Bardolph, Boy, and Quickly.*

Quick. Pr'ythee, honey-sweet husband, let me bring thee to Staines.

Pist. No, for my manly heart doth yern.

Bardolph, be blith : Nim, rouse thy vaunting vein :
Boy, bristle thy courage up ; for Falstaff he is dead,
And we must yern, therefore.

Bard. Would I were with him, wheresoever he is, either in heaven or in hell.

Quick. Nay, sure he's not in hell ; he's in Arthur's bosom, if ever man went to Arthur's bosom. He made a finer end, and went away, an it had been any christom child ; a' parted even just between twelve and one, even at the turning o' th' tide ; for after I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers and smile upon his finger's end, I knew there was but one way ; for his nose was as sharp as a pen. How now, Sir John ? quoth I : what man ? be of good cheer : so a cried out, Heav'n, Heav'n, Heav'n, three or four times. Now I, to comfort him, bid him a should not think of Heaven : I hop'd there was no need to trouble himself with any such thoughts, yet : so a bade me lay more clothes on his feet : I put my hand into the bed and felt them, and they were as cold as a stone : then I felt to his knees, and upward, and upward, and all was as cold as any stone.

Nim. They say he cried out of sack.

Quick. Ay, that a did.

Bard. And of women.

Quick. Nay, that a did not.

Boy. Yes, that he did, and said they were devils incarnate.

Quick. A could never abide carnation, 'twas a colour he never lik'd.

Boy. He said once the deule would have him about women.

Quick. He did, in some sort, indeed, handle women ; but then he was rheumatic, and talk'd of the whore of Babylon.

Boy. Do you not rembember he saw a flea stick upon Bardolph's nose, and said it was a black soul burning in hell.

Bard. Well, the fuel is gone that maintain'd that fire ; that's all the riches I got in his service.

Nim. Shall we shog ? the king will be gone from Southampton.

Pist. Come, let's away. My love, give me thy lips :
 Look to my chattels, and my moveables ;
 Go, cleave thy crystals. Yoke-fellows in arms,
 Let us to France ; like horse-leeches, my boys,
 To suck, to suck, the very blood to suck.

Boy. And that's but unwholesome food, they say.

Pist. Touch her soft mouth, and march.

Bard. Farewell, hostess.

Nim. I cannot kiss ; that's the humour of it ; but adieu.

Pist. Let housewifry appear ; keep close, I thee command.

Quick. Farewell ; adieu.

(*Exeunt.*)

Scene III. *The French King's Palace. Flourish. Enter the French King, the Dauphin, the Duke of Burgundy, the Constable, Bourbon, and Attendants.*

Fr. King. Thus come the English with full power upon us ;
 And more than carefully it us concerns

To answer royally in our defences,

Therefore the Dukes of Berry and of Britain,

Of Brabant, and of Orleans, shall make forth,

And you, Prince Dauphin, with all swift dispatch ;

To line and new repair our towns of war,

With men of courage and with means defendant ;

For England his approaches makes as fierce,

As waters to the sucking of a gulf.

It fits us then to be as provident,

As fear may teach us out of late examples,

Left by the fatal and neglected English,

Upon our fields.

Dauph. My most redoubted father,

It is most meet we arm us 'gainst the foe :

For peace itself should not so dull a kingdom,

(Tho' war, nor no known quarrel were in question)

But that defences, musters, preparations,

Should be maintain'd, assembled, and collected,

As were a war in expectation.

Therefore, I say, 'tis meet we all go forth,

To view the sick and feeble parts of France :

But let us do it with no shew of fear ;

No, with no more than if we heard that England

Were busied with a Whitsun morrice-dance.

For, my good Liège, she is so idly king'd,

Her scepter so fantastically borne,

By a vain, giddy, shallow, humorous youth,

That fear attends her not.

Con. O peace, prince Dauphin,
You are too much mistaken in this king.
For you shall find his vanities fore-spent
Were but the outside of the Roman Brutus,
Covering discretion with a coat of folly.

Daup. Well, 'tis not so, my lord high constable;
But tho' we think it is so, it is no matter.
In causes of defence, 'tis best to weigh
The enemy more mighty than he seems,
So the proportions of defence are fill'd.

Fr. King. Think we king Harry strong;
And, princes, look you strongly arm to meet him.
The kindred of him hath been flesh'd upon us;
And he is bred out of that bloody strain,
That hunted us, in our familiar paths.
Witness our too much memorable shame,
When Cressly battle fatally was struck,
And all our princes captiv'd, by the hand
Of that black name, Edward, the prince of Wales:
While that his mountain fire, on mountain standing,
Up in the air, crown'd with the golden sun,
Saw his heroic feed, and smil'd to see him,
Mangle the work of nature, and deface
The patterns, that by Heav'n and by French fathers,
Had twenty years been made. This is a stem
Of that victorious stock: and let us fear
The native mightiness and fate of him.

Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Ambassadors from Harry, king of England,
Do crave admittance to your majesty.

Fr. King. We'll give them present audience. Go, and
bring them. *(Exit Mountjoy.)*
You see this chace is hotly follow'd, friends.

Daup. Turn head, and stop pursuit; for coward dogs
Most spend their mouths, when what they seem to threaten,
Runs far before them. Good, my sovereign,
Take up the English short, and let them know,
Of what a monarchy you are the head.
Self-love, my Liege, is not so vile a sin,
As self neglecting.

Enter Mountjoy, Exeter, and English Lords.

Fr. King. From our brother England.

Exc. From him; and thus he greets your majesty:
He wills you, in the awful name of Heav'n,
That you divest yourself, and lay apart

The

The borrow'd glories, that by gift of Heaven,
 By law of nature, and of nations, 'long
 To him, and to his heirs; namely, the crown,
 And all the wide-stretch'd honours that pertain,
 By custom, and the ordinance of times,
 Unto the crown of France. That you may know
 'Tis no sinister, nor no aukward claim,
 Pick'd from the worm-holes of long vanish'd days,
 Nor from the dust of old oblivion raked, (*Gives a pedigree.*)
 He sends you this most memorable line,
 Willing you overlook his pedigree;
 And when you find him evenly deriv'd
 From his most fam'd of famous ancestors,
 Edward the Third; he bids you then resign
 Your crown and kingdom, indirectly held
 From him, the native and true challenger.

Fr. King. Or else, what follows?

Exe. Bloody constraint; for if you hide the crown,
 Ev'n in your hearts, there will he rake for it.
 And, therefore, in fierce tempest is he coming,
 In thunder, and in earthquake, like a Jove:
 That if requiring fail, he may compel.
 This is his claim, his threatening, and my message;
 Unless the Dauphin be in presence here,
 To whom, expressly, I bring greeting, too.

Fr. King. For us, we will consider of this, further.
 To-morrow, shall you bear our full intent
 Back to our brother England.

Daup. For the Dauphin,
 I stand here for him. What to him, from England?

Exe. Scorn and defiance, slight regard, contempt,
 And any thing, that may not misbecome
 The mighty sender, doth he prize you at.
 Thus, says my king; and if your father's highness
 Do not, in grant of all demands at large,
 Sweeten the bitter mock you sent his majesty;
 He'll call you to so hot an answer for it,
 That caves and womby vaultages of France,
 Shall chide your trespass, and return your mock,
 In second accent to his ordinance.

Daup. Say, if my father render fair reply,
 It is against my will; for I desire
 Nothing but odds with England. To that end,
 As matching to his youth and vanity,
 I did present him with those Paris balls.

Exe. He'll make your Paris Louvre shake for it,

And be assur'd, you'll find a difference,
As we his subjects have in wonder found,
Between the promise of his greener days,
And these he masters, now. Now he weighs time
Even to the utmost grain, which you shall read
In your own losses, if he stay in France.

Fr. King. To-morrow you shall know our mind at full.

Exe. Dispatch us with all speed, lest that our king
Come here himself, to question our delay,
For he is footed in this land, already. (tions.

Fr. King. You shall be soon dispatch'd with fair condi-
A night is but small breadth, and little pause,
To answer matters of this consequence. *Flourish—Exeunt.*

ACT III. Scene I. *Before the Gates of Harfleur.*

[Alarm, and cannon go off.]

Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, and Westmorland.

K. Hen. **O**NCE more unto the breach, dear friends,
once more;

Or, close the wall up with our English dead.

Beat in the rondure of their rampar'd walls,

Or tear the lions out of England's coat. (Exeunt.

Enter Nim, Bardolph, Pistol, and Boy.

Bard. On, on, on, on, on, to the breach, to the breach.

Nim. Pray thee, corporal, stay, the knocks are too hot;
and, for mine own part, I have not a case of lives. The
humour of it is too hot, that is the very plain song of it.

Pist. The plain song is most just; for humours do
abound.

Knocks go and come: heav'n's vassals drop and die;

And sword and shield, in bloody field, doth win immor-
tal fame.

Boy. Would I were in an ale-house, in London, I would
Give all my fame for a pot of ale and safety.

Pist. And I; if wishes would prevail,
I would not stay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Fluellen.

Flu. Up to the breach, you dogs! Avaunt, you cur-
lions.

Exeunt all but Fluellen.

Enter Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen, you must come presently to the
mines; the Duke of Gloucester would speak with you.

Flu. To the mines! Tell you the Duke it is not so good
to come to the mines; for look you, the mines are not
according to the disciplines of the war; the concavities of
it

KING HENRY V.

39

it is not sufficient: for look you, th' adversary (you may discuss unto the Duke, look you) is digt himself four yards under the countermines. I think, a will plow up all, if there is not better directions. *(A parley sounded.)*

Gow. The town sounds a parley!

(Flourish.)

Enter King Henry and his Train, Governor on the Ramparts.

K. Hen. How yet resolves the governor of the town?
This is the latest parle we will admit:
Therefore to our best mercy give yourselves,
Or, like to men proud of destruction,
Defy us to our worst; as I am a soldier,
(A name, that, in my thoughts, becomes me best)
If I begin the batt'ry once again,
I will not leave the half-atchieved Harfleur,
Till in her ashes she lie buried,
What say you? Will you yield, and this avoid?

Gow. Our expectation hath this day an end:
The Dauphin, of whom succours we entreated,
Returns us, that his pow'rs are yet not ready,
To raise so great a siege. Therefore, great king,
We yield our town and lives to thy soft mercy.
Enter our gates, dispose of us and ours,
For we no longer are defensible.

K. Henry. Open your gates. Come, uncle Exeter,
Go you and enter Harfleur, there remain,
And fortify it strongly 'gainst the French:
Use mercy to them all. For us, dear uncle,
The winter coming on, and sickness growing
Upon our soldiers, we'll retire to Calais.
To-night, in Harfleur we will be your guest,
To-morrow, for the march. *(Flourish and enter into the town.)*

Scene II. *The French Camp. Enter the King of France, the Dauphin, Bourbon, the Constable of France, and Attendants.*

Fr. King. 'Tis certain he hath pass'd the river Some.

Con. And if he be not fought withal, my lord,
Let us not live in France; let us quit all,
And give our vineyards to a barbarous people.

Daup. Shall a few sprays of us.
(The emptying of our father's luxury)
Our scions, put in wild and savage stock,
Sprout up so suddenly into the clouds,
And overlook their grafter?

Const. Why, whence have they this mettle?
Is not their climate foggy, raw, and dull?

On whom, as in despite, the sun looks pale,
 Killing their fruit with frowns?
 Oh! for the honour of our land,
 Let us not hang like frozen icicles,
 Upon our house-tops, while more frosty people,
 Sweat drops of gallant blood, in our rich fields.

Daup. By faith and honour,
 Our madams mock at us;
 They bid us to the English dancing-schools,
 And teach La Volta's high, and swift Coranto's;
 Saying, our grace is only in our heels,
 And that we are most lofty run-aways.

Fr. King. Where Mountjoy, the herald? Speed him hence;

Let him greet England with our sharp defiance.
 Up, princes, and with spirit of honour edg'd,
 Yet sharper than your swords, hie to the field;
 Bar Harry England, that sweeps through our land,
 With pennons painted in the blood of Harfleur.
 Go down upon him, you have pow'r enough,
 And in a captive chariot into Roan,
 Bring him, our prisoner.

Con. This becomes the great.

Sorry am I, his numbers are so few;
 His soldiers sick, and famish'd in their march.
 For I am sure, when he shall see our army,
 He'll drop his heart into the sink of fear,
 And for atchievement offer us his ransom.

Fr. King. Therefore, lord constable, haste on Mountjoy,
 And let him say to England, that we send
 To know, what willing ransom he will give.
 Prince Dauphin, you shall stay with us in Roan.

Daup. Not so, I do beseech your majesty.

Fr. King. Be patient, for you shall remain with us.
 Now forth, lord constable, and princes all;
 And quickly bring us word of England's fall. (Exeunt

Scene III. *The English Camp. Enter Gower and Fluellen.*

Gower. How now, Captain Fluellen, come you from the bridge?

Flu. I assure you, there is very excellent services committed at the pridge.

Gower. Is the Duke of Exeter safe?

Flu. The Duke of Exeter is as magnanimous as Agamemnon, and a man that I love and honour with my soul, and my heart, and my duty, and my life, and my living,
 and

and my uttermost power. He is not, Heav'n be praised and plesed, any hurt in the world. He is maintain the pridge, most valiantly, with excellent discipline. There is an ancient lieutenant there, I think in my very conscience he is as valiant a man as Mark Antony; and he is a man of no estimation in the orld; but I did see him do gallant services.

Gower. What do you call him?

Flu. He is call'd ancient Pistol.

Gower. I know him not.

Enter Pistol.

Flu. Here is the man.

Pist. Captain, I thee beseech to do me favours:
The duke of Exeter doth love thee well.

Flu. I, I praise Heav'n and I have merited some love at his hands.

Pist. Bardolph, a soldier firm, and sound of heart,
And buxom valour, hath by cruel fate,
And giddy fortune's furious fickle wheel,
That goddess blind, that stands upon the rolling restless
stone—

Flu. By your patience, ancient Pistol. Fortune is painted with a muffler before her eyes, to signify to you, that fortune is plind; and she is painted also with a wheel, to signify you, which is the moral of it, that she is turning and inconstant, and mutabilities and variations; and her foot, look you, is fixed upon a spherical stone, which rolls, and rolls and rolls. In good truth, the poet makes most excellent description of it. Fortune is an excellent moral.

Pist. Fortune is Bardolph's foe, and frowns on him;
For he hath stoln a Pix, and hanged must be, o damned death!

Let gallows gape for dog, let man go free,
And let not Bardolph's vital thread be cut,
With edge of penny-cord, and vile reproach.
Speak, Captain, for his life, and I will thee requite.

Flu. Ancient Pistol, I do partly understand your meaning.

Pist. Why then, rejoice, therefore.

Flu. Certainly, Ancient, it is not a thing to rejoice at; for if, look you, he were my brother, I would desire the duke to use his good pleasure, and put him to executions; for disciplines ought to be used.

Pist. Die and be damn'd, and *fio* for thy friendship.

Flu. It is well.

Pist. The fig of Spain. *[Exit.]*

Flu. Very good.

Gower. Why this is an arrant counterfeit rascal, I remember him, now, a bawd, a cut purse.

Flu. I'll assure you, he utter'd as prave words at the pridge, as you shall see in a summer's day. But, it is very well; what he has spoke to me, that is well, I warrant you, when time is serve.

Gower. Why, 'tis a gull, a fool, a rogue, that now and then goes to the wars, to grace himself at his return to London, under the form of a soldier. But you must learn to know such slanders of the age, or else you may be marvellously mistook.

Flu. I tell you what, Captain Gower; I do perceive he is not the man that he would gladly make show to the world he is; if I find a hole in his coat, I will tell him my mind.—*[Flourish.]* Hear you, the King is coming, and I must speak with him from the pridge,

A March.

Enter the King, Exeter, Bedford, Gloucester, Westmerland, Attendants, and his poor Soldiers.

Flu. Cot bless your Majesty.

K. Henry. How now, Fluellen; cam'st thou from the bridge?

Flu. I, so please your Majesty. The Duke of Exeter has very gallantly maintain'd the pridge; the French is gone off, look you, and there is gallant and most prave passages; marry, th' athversary was have possession of the pridge, but he is inforced to retire, and the Duke of Exeter is master of the pridge. I can tell your majesty, the duke is a prave man.

K. Henry. What men have you lost, Fluellen?

Flu. The perdition of th' athversary hath been very great, very reasonable great. Marry, for my part, I think the duke hath lost never a man, but one that is like to be executed for robbing a church; one Bardolph, if your Majesty know the man; his face is all bubukles and wheelks, and knobs, and flames of fire, and his lips blows at his nose, and it is like a coal of fire, sometimes plue, and sometimes red; but his nose is executed, and his fire's out.

Trumpet sounds. Enter Mountjoy.

K. Henry. Now, what shall I know of thee?

Mount. My master's mind.

K. Henry. Unfold it.

Mount.

Mount. Thus says my king; say thou to Harry England,
Although we seemed dead, we did but sleep:
Tell him, we could at Harfleur have rebuk'd him;
But that we thought not good to bruise an injury,
Till it were ripe. Now, speak we on our cue,
With voice imperial: England shall repent
His folly, see his weakness, and admire
Our suff'rance. Bid him therefore to consider,
What must the ransom be, which much proportion
The losses we have borne, the subjects we
Have lost, and the disgrace we have digested.
First, for our loss, too poor is his exchequer;
For the effusion of our blood, his army
Too faint a number; and for our disgrace,
Ev'n his own person, kneeling at our feet,
A weak and worthless satisfaction.
To this, defiance add; and for conclusion,
Tell him he hath betray'd his followers,
Whose condemnation is pronounce'd. So far
My king and master; and so much my office.

K. Hen. Thou do'st thy office fairly. Turn thee back;
And tell thy king, I do not seek him now;
But could be willing to march on to Calais,
Without impeachment. For to say the sooth,
(Though 'tis no wisdom to confess so much
Unto an enemy of craft and vantage)
My people are with sickness much enfeebled,
My numbers lessen'd; and those few I have,
Almost no better than so many French;
Who, when they were in health, I tell thee, herald,
I thought, upon one pair of English legs,
Did march three Frenchmen. Yet forgive me, Heav'n;
That I do brag thus; this your air of France
Hath blown that vice in me; I must repent.
Go therefore, tell thy master here I am;
My ransom is this frail and worthless trunk;
My army but a weak and sickly guard;
Yet, Heav'n before, tell him we will come on,
Though France himself, and such another neighbour,
Stand in our way. There's for thy labour, Mountjoy,
Go, bid thy master well advise himself;
If we may pass, we will; if we be hinder'd,
We shall your tawney ground with your red blood
Discolour.——

The sum of all our answer is but this;

We

We would not seek a battle, as we are,
Yet, as we are, we say, we will not shun it :
So tell your master.

Mount. I shall deliver so: thanks to your highness. (*Ex.*

Glou. I hope they will not come upon us, now.

K. Hen. We are in Heav'n's hand, brother, not in theirs :

March to the bridge, it now draws toward night;
Beyond the river we'll encamp ourselves,
And on to-morrow bid them march away. (*Exeunt.*

ACT IV. *King Henry's Tent, at Agincourt. King Henry, and Gloucester discovered.*

K. Hen. **G**LOUCESTER, 'tis true, that we are in great danger;

The greater, therefore, should our courage be.

Enter Bedford.

Good-morrow, brother Bedford.

There is some soul of goodness in things evil,

Would men observingly distil it out.

For our bad neighbour makes us early stirrers,

Which is both healthful and good husbandry.

Enter Erpingham.

Good-morrow, old Sir Thomas Erpingham;

A good soft pillow, for that good whitehead,

Were better than a churlish turf of France.

Erp. Not so, my Liege; this lodging likes me better,
Since I may say, now I like a king.

K. Hen. Lend me thy cloak, Sir Thomas, brothers both,
Commend me to the princes in our camp:

Do my good-morrow to them, and anon,

Desire them all to my pavilion.

Glou. We shall, my Liege. [*Exeunt Bedf. and Glou.*

Erp. Shall I attend your Grace?

K. Hen. No, my good knight;

Go with my brothers to my lords of England:

I and my bosom must debate a while,

And then I would no other company.

Erp. The Lord in heaven bless thee, noble Harry. (*Ex.*

K. Hen. God-a mercy, old heart, thou speakest cheerfully. (*Exit.*

Scene II. *A Grove. Enter K. Henry and Pistol.*

Pist. Qui va là?

K. Hen. A friend.

Pist. Discuss unto me, art thou officer,

Or art thou base, common and popular?

K. Hen. I am a gentleman of a company.

Pist. Trailst thou the puissant pike?

K. Hen. Ev'n so; what are you?

Pist. As good a gentleman as the Emperor.

K. Hen. Then you are better than the King.

Pist. The King's a bawcock, and a heart of gold,
A lad of life, an imp of fame,

Of parents good, of fist most valiant:

I kiss his dirty shoe, and from my heart string,

I love the lovely bully. What's thy name?

K. Hen. Harry le Roy.

Pist. Le Roy! a Cornish name: art thou of Cornish
crew?

K. Hen. No, I am a Welshman.

Pist. Know'st thou Fluellen?

K. Hen. Yes.

Pist. Tell him I'll knock his leek about his pate,
Upon St. David's day.

K. Hen. Do not you wear your dagger in your cap that
day, lest he knock that about yours?

Pist. Art thou his friend?

K. Hen. And his kinsman too.

Pist. The figo for thee then.

My name is Pistol call'd

(Exit.)

K. Hen. It sorts well with your fierceness. (Manet K. Hen.)

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Gow. Captain Fluellen.

Flu. So; speak fewer: it is the greatest admiration in
the universal world, when the true and auncient preroga-
tives and laws of the wars is not kept: if you would take
the pains but to examine the wars of Pompey the great,
you shall find, I warrant you, that there is no tiddle tad-
dle nor pibble babble in Pompey's camp: I warrant you,
you shall find the ceremonies of the wars, and the cares
of it, and the forms of it, and the sobrieties of it, and
the modesty of it to be otherwise.

Gow. Why the enemy is loud, you hear him all night.

Flu. If the enemy is an ass and a fool, and a prating
coxcomb, is it meet, think you, that we should also, look
you, be an ass and a fool, and a prating coxcomb? in
your conscience now?

Gow. I will speak lower.

Flu. I pray you and beseech you, that you will. (Exeunt.)

K. Hen. Though it appear a little out of fashion,

There

There is much care and valour in this Welchman.

Enter John Bates and Michael Williams.

Will. Brother John Bates, is not that the morning, which breaks yonder?

Bates. I think it be, but we have no great cause to desire the approach of day.

Will. We see yonder the beginning of the day, but I think we shall never see the end of it. Who goes there?

K. Hen. A friend.

Will. Under what captain serve you?

K. Hen. Under Sir Thomas Erpingham.

Will. A good old commander, and a most kind gentleman: I pray you what thinks he of our estate?

K. Hen. Ev'n as men wreck'd upon a sand, that look to be wash'd off, the next tide.

Bates. He hath not told his thoughts to the king!

K. Hen. No; nor is it meet he should: for though I speak it to you, I think the king is but a man, as I am: the violet smells to him as it does to me; the element shews to him as it doth to me; all his senses have but human conditions: therefore, when he sees reason of fears, as we do, his fears, out of doubt, be of the same relish as ours are; yet in reason no man should possess him with any appearance of fear, lest he, by shewing it, should dishearten his army.

Bates. He may shew what outward courage he will: but I believe, as cold a night as 'tis, he could wish himself in the Thames, up to the neck; and so I would he were, and I by him, at all adventures, so we were quit here.

K. Hen. By my troth, I will speak my conscience of the king; I think he would not wish himself any where but where he is.

Bates. Then would he were here alone; so should he be sure to be ransomed, and many poor men's lives saved.

K. Hen. I dare say you love him not so ill, to wish him here alone; howsoever you speak this, to feed other men's minds. Methinks I could not die any where so contented, as in the king's company; his cause being just, and his quarrel honourable.

Will. That's more than we know.

Bates. Ay, or more than we should seek after; for we know enough, if we know we are the king's subjects; if his cause be wrong, our obedience to the king wipes the crime of it out of us.

Will. But if the cause be not good, the king himself

hath a heavy reckoning to make; when all those legs and arms and heads chopp'd off in a battle, shall join together at the latter day, and cry all, We dy'd at such a place; some swearing; some crying for a surgeon; some upon their wives left poor behind them; some upon the debts they owe; some upon their children rawly left. I am afraid there are few die well, that die in battle; for how can they charitably dispose of any thing, when blood is their argument? now if these men do not die well, it will be a black matter for the king, that led them to it, whom to disobey were against all proportion of subjection.

K. Hen. So, if a son, that is sent by his father about merchandize, do fall into some lewd action and miscarry, the imputation of his wickedness, by your rule, should be imposed upon his father that sent him; but this is not so: the king is not bound to answer the particular endings of his soldiers, nor the father of his son; for they purpose not their death when they purpose their services. Every subject's duty is the king's, but every subject's soul is his own. Therefore should every soldier, in the wars, do as every sick man in his bed, wash every moth out of his conscience: and dying so, death is to him advantage: or not dying, the time was blessedly lost, wherein such preparation was gained: and in him that escapes, it were not sin to think, that making Heaven so free an offer, he let him outlive that day to see his greatness, and to teach others how they should prepare.

Will. 'Tis certain, every man that dies ill, the ill is upon his own head; the king is not to answer for it.

Bates. I do not desire he should answer for me, and yet I determine to fight lustily for him.

K. Hen. I myself heard the king say he would not be ransom'd.

Will. Ay, he said so, to make us fight cheerfully: but when our throats are cut, he may be ransom'd, and we ne'er the wiser.

K. Hen. If I live to see it, I will never trust his word after.

Will. That's a perilous shot out of an elder-gun! You'll never trust his word, after! Come, 'tis a foolish saying.

K. Hen. Your reproof is something too round; I should be angry with you, if the time were convenient.

Will. Let it be a quarrel between us, if we live?

K. Hen. I embrace it.

Will. How shall I know thee again?

K. Hen.

K. Hen. Give me any gage of thine, and I will wear it in my bonnet; and if ever thou dar'st acknowledge it, I will make it my quarrel.

Will. Here's my glove; give me another of thine.

K. Hen. There.

Will. This will I also wear in my cap; if ever thou come to me and say, after to morrow, this is my glove; by this hand, I will give thee a box on the ear.

K. Hen. If ever I live to see it, I will challenge it.

Will. Thou dar'st as well be hang'd.

K. Hen. Well, I will do it, though I take thee in the king's company.

Will. Keep thy word, and fare thee well.

Bates. Be friends, you English fools, be friends; we have French quarrels enow, if you could but tell how to reckon.

(*Exeunt Bates and Williams.*)

K. Hen. Upon the king! let us our lives, our souls,
Our sins, lay on the king; he must bear all.
O hard condition, and twin-born with greatness!
What infinite heart-ease must kings neglect,
That private men enjoy? and what have kings
That privates have not too, save ceremony?
And what art thou, thou idol ceremony?
Art thou ought else but place, degree, and form,
Creating awe and fear, in other men?
Wherein thou art less happy, being fear'd,
Than they in fearing. O be sick, great greatness,
And bid thy ceremony give thee cure.
Can'st thou, when thou command'st the beggar's knee,
Command the health of it? No, thou proud dream,
That play'st so subtly with a king's repose,
I am a king that find thee; and I know
'Tis not the balm, the sceptre, and the ball,
The sword, the mace, the crown imperial;
No, not all these thrice-gorgeous ceremonies,
Not all these, laid in bed majestical,
Can sleep so soundly as the wretched slave,
Who, with a body fill'd, and vacant mind,
Gets him to rest, cramm'd with distressful bread;
And (but for ceremony) such a wretch,
Winding up days with toil, and nights with sleep,
Hath the fore-hand, and vantage of a king.

Enter Erpingham.

Erp. My lord, your nobles, jealous of your absence,
Seek through your camp to find you.

K. Hen.

KING HENRY V.

29

K. Hen. Good old knight,
Collect them all together at my tent;
I'll be before thee.

Exp. I shall do't, my Lord.

(*Exit.*)

K. Hen. O god of battles! steel my soldiers hearts;
Possess them not with fear? take from them now,
The sense of reckoning, lest th' opposed numbers,
Pluck their hearts from them. Not to-day, O lord,
O, not to-day, think not upon the fault
My father made in compassing the crown.
I Richard's body have interred new,
And on it have bestow'd more contrite tears
Than from it issued forced drops of blood.
Five hundred poor I have in yearly pay,
Who twice a day their wither'd hands hold up
Tow'rd heav'n to pardon blood.
More will I do. (*Trumpet sounds.*) But, hark! the trum-
pet calls!

The day, my friends, and all things wait for me. (*Exit.*)

Scene III. *The French Camp. Enter Dauphin
and Constable.*

Daup. My Lord High Constable, the English lie within
fifteen hundred paces of your tents.

Const. Who hath measure'd the ground?

Daup. My Lord Grandpree.

Const. A valiant and most expert gentleman. Alas!
poor Harry England, he longs not for the battle as we do!

Daup. What a wretched and peevish fellow is this king
of England, to mope with his fat-brain'd followers so far
out of his knowledge!

Const. If the English had any apprehension, they would
run away.

Daup. That they lack; for if their heads had any in-
tellectual armour, they could never wear such heavy head-
pieces.

Const. That island of England breeds very valiant crea-
tures; their mastiffs are of unmatchable courage.

Daup. Foolish curs, that run winking into the mouth
of a Russian bear, and have their heads crush'd like rotten
apples. You may as well say, that's a valiant flea that
dares eat his breakfast on the lip of a lion.

Const. Just, just; and the men do sympathize with the
mastiffs in robustious and rough coming on, leaving their
wits with their wives. And then, give them great meals
of beef, and iron, and steel they will eat like wolves,

D

and

and fight like devils. Now it is time to arm, shall we about it?

Daup. I stay but for my guard : on to the field ;
I will the banner from a trumpet take,
And use it for my haste. Come, come away,
The sun is high, and we out-wear the day. *(Exeunt.)*

Scene IV. *The English Camp. Enter Gloucester, Exeter, Erpingham, Westmorland, and all the English Host.*
Glou. Where is the king ?

Bed. The king himself is rode to view their battle.

West. Of fighting men, they have full threescore thousand.

Exe. That's five to one ; besides, they are all fresh.

Bed. Heav'n's arm strike with us, 'tis a fearful odds.

West. O, that we now had here,
But one ten thousand of those men in England,
That do no work, to-day.

Enter King Henry and Attendants.

K. Hen. What's he that wishes so ?
My cousin Westmorland ? No, my fair-cousin,
If we are mark'd to die, we are enow,
To do our country loss ; and if to live,
The fewer men, the greater share of honour.
Don't wish one more ;
Rather proclaim it, Westmorland, through my host,
That he who hath no stomach to this fight,
Let him depart ; his passport shall be made,
And crowns, for convoy put into his purse.
We would not die in that man's company,
That fears his fellowship to die with us.
This day is call'd the feast of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and comes safe home,
Will stand a tip-toe when this day is nam'd,
And rouse him at the name of Crispian :
He that outlives this day, and sees old age,
Will yearly on the vigil feast his neighbours,
And say to-morrow is Saint Crispian.
Then will he strip his arm, and shew his scars :
Old men forget ; yet shall not all forget ;
But they'll remember with advantages
What feats they did, that day. Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouth as household words,
Harry the King, Bedford and Exeter,
Warwick, and Talbot, Salisbury, and Glo'ster,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd.
This story shall the good man teach his son :

And Crispine Crispian shall ne'er go by,
 From this day to the ending of the world,
 But we in it shall be remember'd;
 We few, we happy few, we band of brothers:
 For he to day that sheds his blood with me,
 Shall be my brother: be he ne'er so vile,
 This day shall gentle his condition;
 And gentlemen in England now a-bed
 Shall think themselves accurs'd they were not here;
 And hold their manhoods cheap, while any speaks
 That fought with us upon St. Crispian's day.

Enter Gower.

Gow. My sov'reign lord, bestow yourself with speed:
 The French are bravely in their battles set,
 And will with all expedience charge on us.

K. Hen. All things are ready, if our minds be so.

West. Perish the man whose mind is backward now.

Enter Mountjoy.

Mount. Once more I come to know of thee, King Harry,
 If for thy ransom thou wilt now compound,
 Before thy most assured overthrow.

K. Hen. Who hath sent thee now?

Mount. The Constable of France.

K. Hen. I pray thee bear my former answer back.
 Bid them achieve me and then sell my bones.
 Good God! why should they mock poor fellows thus?
 The man that once did sell the lion's skin
 While the beast liv'd, was kill'd with hunting him.
 Let me speak proudly; tell the constable,
 We are but warriors for the working day;
 Our gayness and our guilt are all besmirch'd
 With rainy marching in the painful field,
 And time hath worn us into slovenry.
 But by the mass, our hearts are in the trim:
 And my poor soldiers tell me, yet ere night
 They'll be in fresher robes, for they will pluck
 The gay new coats o'er the French soldiers heads,
 And turn them out of service.

Come thou no more for ransom, gentle herald;
 They shall have none I swear but these my joints:
 Which if they have as I will leave 'em them,
 Shall yield them little, tell the Constable.

Mount. I shall, King Harry: and so fare thee well.
 Thou never shalt hear herald any more. *(Exit.)*

K. Hen. I fear thou'lt once more come again for ransom.

Now on, your noblest English,
 Whose blood is fetch'd from fathers of war-proof;
 Fathers, that like to many Alexanders,
 Have in these parts from morn till even fought,
 And sheath'd their swords for lack of argument:
 Dishonour not your mothers: now attest,
 That those whom you call fathers did beget you:
 Be copy now to men of grosser blood,
 And teach them how to war; and you, good yeomen,
 Whose limbs were made in England, shew us here
 The mettle of your pasture: let us swear
 That you are worth your breeding, which I doubt not;
 For there is none of you so mean and base,
 That hath not noble lustre in your eyes;
 I see you stand like greyhounds in the slips
 Straining upon the start. The game's a-foot,
 Follow your spirit; and upon this charge
 Cry, God for Harry, England, and St. George.

(Alarm, shouts, &c. *Exeunt.*)

Scene V. *The Field of Battle.* Enter Constable, Dauphin,
 and Bourbon.

Daup. Mort de ma vie, all is confounded, all!
 Reproach and everlasting shame
 Sits mocking in our plumes.

Const. Why all our ranks are broke.

Daup. O, perdurable shame, let's stab ourselves:
 Be these the wretches that we play'd at dice for?
 Is this the king we sent to for his ransom?

Const. Disorder, that hath spoil'd us, friend us now;
 Let us on heaps go offer up our lives.

Daup. We are enow yet living in the field
 To smother up the English in our throngs,
 If any order might be thought upon.

Const. I'll to the throng.

Let life be short, else shame will be too long. (*Exeunt.*)

Scene VI. *Another part of the Field of Battle.* Alarm.

Enter King Henry and his Train.

K. Hen. Well have we done, thrice valiant countrymen;
 But all's not done, the French yet keep the field.

Enter Exeter.

Exe. The Duke of York commends him to your majesty.

K. Hen. Lives he, good uncle? thrice within this hour
 I saw him down; thrice up again, and fighting:
 From helmet to the spur all bleeding o'er.

Exe. In which array, brave soldier, does he lie

Larding

KING HENRY V.

33

Larding the plain; and by his bloody side,
 (Yoke-fellow to his honour-owing wounds)
 The noble Earl of Suffolk also lies.
 Suffolk first dy'd, and York all haggled over,
 Comes to him where in gore he lay insteep'd,
 And takes him by the beard, kisses the gashes
 That bloodily did yawn upon his face,
 And cries aloud, Tarry my cousin Suffolk,
 My soul shall thine keep company to Heav'n:
 Tarry, sweet soul, for mine, then fly a-breast;
 As in this glorious and well-foughten field
 We kept together in our chivalry.
 Upon these words I came and cheer'd him up;
 He smil'd me in the face, gave me his hand,
 And with a feeble gripe says, dear my lord,
 Commend my service to my sovereign;
 So did he turn, and over Suffolk's neck
 He threw his wounded arm, and kiss his lips,
 And so espous'd to death, with blood he seal'd
 A testament of noble-ending love.
 The pretty and sweet manner of it forc'd
 Those waters from me, which I would have stopp'd,
 But I had not so much of man in me,
 But all my mother came into mine eyes,
 And gave me up to tears.

K. Hen. I blame you not;
 For hearing this I must perforce compound
 With mixtful eyes, or they will issue too.
 But, hark! what new alarum is this fame?
 The French have reinforc'd their scatter'd men:
 Then every soldier kill his prisoners,
 Give the word through.

(*March. Exeunt.*)

Scene VII. *Another part of the Field. Alarm continued.*

Enter Fluellen and Gower.

Flu. Kill the poys, and the luggage! 'Tis expvessly
 against the law of arms. 'Tis as arrant a piece of knavery,
 mark you now, as can be desired in your conscience now;
 is it not?

Gow. 'Tis certain there's not a boy left alive; and the
 cowardly rascals that ran away from the battle ha' done
 this slaughter: besides they have burn'd or carried away
 all that was in the king's tent, wherefore the king most
 worthily had caus'd ev'ry soldier to cut his prisoner's
 throat. O 'tis a gallant king!

Flu. I, he was born at Monmouth, Captain Gower;
 what

what call you the town's name where Alexander the Pig was born?

Gow. Alexander the Great.

Flu. Why I pray you, is not pig great? the pig, or the great, or the mighty, or the huge, or the magnanimous, are all one reckonings, save the phrase is a little variations.

Gow. I think Alexander the great was born in Macedon; his father was called Philip of Macedon, as I take it.

Flu. I think it is in Macedon where Alexander is born: I tell you, captain, if you look in the maps of the world, I warrant that you shall find in the comparisons between Macedon and Monmouth, that the situations, look you, is both alike. There is a river in Macedon, there is also a river at Monmouth: it is called Wye at Monmouth, but it is out of my prains what is the name of the other river; but it is all one, 'tis as like as my fingers to my fingers, and there is salmons in both. If you mark Alexander's life well, Harry of Monmouth's life is come after it indifferent well, for there is figures in all things. Alexander, God knows and you know, in his rages, and his furies, and his wraths, and his cholers, and his moods, and his displeasures, and his indignations; and also being a little intoxicates in his prains, did in his ales and his angers, look you, kill his best friend Clytus.

Gow. Our king is not like him in that, he never killed any of his friends.

Flu. It is not well done, mark you now, to take the tales out of my mouth, ere it is made and finished. I speak but in figures and comparisons of it; as Alexander kill'd his friend Clytus, being in his ales and his cups; so also Harry Monmouth, being in his right wits and his good judgments, turn'd away the fat knight with the great belly doublet; he was full of jests and gypes, and knaveries, and mocks: I have forgot his name.

Gow. Sir John Falstaff.

Flu. That is he: I tell you there is good men born at Monmouth.

(Trumpets sound.)

Gow. Here comes his Majesty.

Flourish. Enter King Henry, Lords, and Attendants.

K. Henry. I was not angry since I came to France, Until this instant. Take a trumpet, herald, Ride thou unto the horsemen on yon hill: If they will fight with us, bid them come down, Or void the field: they do offend our fight. If they'll do neither, we will come to them,

And make them sker away, as swift as stones
Enforced from the old Assyrian slings :

Go and tell them so,

(Exit Herald.)

Enter Mountjoy.

Exc. Here comes the herald of the French, my Liege.

Glou. His eyes are humbler than they us'd to be.

K. Hen. How now, what means their herald? know'st thou not,

That I have fin'd these bones of mine for ransom?

Com'st thou again for ransom?

Mount. No, great king:

I come to thee for charitable licence

That we may wander o'er this bloody field,

To book our dead, and then to bury them:

To sort our nobles from our common men;

For many of our princes (woe the while)

Lie drown'd and soak'd in mercenary blood:

So do our vulgar drench their peasant limbs

In blood of princes, while their wounded steeds

Fret fet lock deep in gore, and with wild rage

Yeark out their armed heels at their dead masters.

O give us leave, great king,

To view the field in safety, and dispose

Of their dead bodies.

K. Hen. I tell thee truly, herald,

I know not if the day be ours or no,

For yet a many of your horsemen peer

And gallop o'er the field.

Mount. The day is yours.

K. Hen. Praised be God and not our strength for it:

What is this castle call'd that stands hard by?

Mount. They call it Agincourt.

K. Hen. Then call we this the field of Agincourt,

Fought on the day of Crispin Crispianus.

Flu. Your grandfather of famous memory, an't please

your majesty, and your great uncle Edward the plack

Prince of Wales, as I have read in the chronicles, fought

a most prave pattle here in France.

K. Hen. They did, Fluellen,

Flu. Your majesty says very true: if your majesties is

remember'd of it, the Welshman did good service in a

garden where leeks did grow, wearing leeks in their Mon-

mouth caps, which your majesty knows to this hour is an

honourable padge of the service; and I do believe your

majesty takes no scorn to wear the leek upon St. Tavia's day.

K. Hen. I wear it for a memorable honour;

For I am Welsh you know, good countryman.

Flu. All the water in the Wye cannot wash you Majesty's Welsh blood out of your body. I can tell you that: Heav'n please and preserve it as long as it pleases his grace and Majesty too.

K. Hen. Thanks, good my countryman.

Flu. I am your Majesty's countryman, I care not who know it: I confess it to all the world, I need not to be ashamed of your Majesty praised be Heav'n, so long as your Majesty is an honest man.

K. Hen. Heav'n keep me so.

Our herald go with him;

Bring me just notice of the numbers dead,

On both our parts. (*Exeunt Mountjoy, with Herald.*)

Call yonder fellow hither.

Exe. Soldier, you must come to the King.

Enter Williams.

K. Henry. Soldier, why wear'st thou thy glove in thy cap?

Will. An't please your Majesty, 'tis the gage of one that I should fight withal, if he be alive.

K. Henry. An Englishman?

Will. An't please your Majesty, a rascal that swagger'd with me, last night, who, if alive, and if ever he dare to challenge this glove, I have sworn to take him a box o'th' ear; or if I can see my glove in his cap, which he swore, as he was a soldier, he would wear, if alive, I would strike it out soundly.

K. Henry. What think you, Captain Fluellen, is it fit the soldier keep his oath?

Flu. He is a craven and a villain else, a'nt please your Majesty, in my conscience.

K. Henry. It may be his enemy is a gentleman of great fort, quite from the answer of his degree.

Flu. Though he be as good a gentleman as the devil, or Lucifer and Belzebub himself, it is necessary, look your grace, that he keep his vow and his oath.

K. Hen. Then keep thy vow, firrah, when thou meet'st the fellow.

Will. So I will, my Liege, as I live.

K. Hen. Who serv'st thou under?

Will. Under Captain Gower, my Liege,

Flu. Gower is a good captain, and is good knowledge and literature in the wars.

K. Hen. Call him hither to me, soldier.

WT.

KING HENRY V.

37

Wil. I will, my Liege.

[*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Here Fluellen, wear thou this favour for me, and stick it in thy cap; when Alencon and myself were down together, I pluck'd this glove from his helm, if any man challenge this, he is a friend to Alencon and an enemy to our persons; if thou encounter any such, apprehend him if dost love me.

Flu. Your grace does me as great honours as can be desir'd in the heart of his subjects: I would fain see the man that has but two legs that shall find himself aggriev'd at this glove; that is all: but I would fain see it once, and please God of his grace that I might see.

K. Hen. Know'st thou Gower?

Flu. He is my dear friend, and please you.

K. Hen. Pray thee go seek him and bring him to my tent.

Flu. I will fetch him.

[*Exit.*]

K. Hen. Brother Glo'ster,

Follow Fluellen closely at the heels,

The glove which I have given him for a favour

May haply purchase him a box o'th ear [Exit Glo'ster.]

It is the soldier's; I by bargain should

Wear it myself. Follow, good cousin Westmorland,

If that the soldier strike him, as I judge

By his blunt bearing he will keep his word,

Some sudden mischief may arise of it:

For I do know Fluellen valiant,

And touch'd with choler hot as gunpowder,

And quickly he'll return an injury.

Follow and see there be not harm between them.

[Exit Westmorland.]

Come you with me, uncle of Exeter.

[*Exe.*]

Scene VIII. Another part of the Field. Enter Gower and Williams.

Wil. I warrant it is to knight you, Captain.

[Enter Fluellen.]

Flu. God's will and his pleasure, Captain, I beseech you now come apace to the King; there is more good toward your peradventure, than is in your knowledge to dream of.

Wil. Sir, know you this glove?

Flu. Know the glove? I know the glove is a glove.

Wil. I know this, and thus I challenge it. [*Strikes him;*]

Flu. 'Sbud, an arrant traitor as any's in the universal world, in France or England.

Gow. How now, Sir? you villain?

Wil.

Wil. Do you think I'll be forsworn?

Flu. Stand away, Captain Gower, I will give treason his payment into plows, I warrant you.

Wil. I am no traitor.

Flu. That's a lie in thy throat. I charge you in his Majesty's name apprehend him, he's a friend of the Duke of Alencon's.

Enter Gloucester and Westmorland.

Glu. How now, how now, what's the matter?

Flu. My lord Gloucester, here is, praised be God for it, a most contagious treason come to light, look you, as you shal desire in a summer's day. Here is his Majesty.

Enter King Henry, Bedford, Exeter, and Attendants.

K. Hen. How now, what's the matter?

Flu. My Liege, here is a villain and a traitor, that, look your grace, has struck the glove which your Majesty is take out of the helmet of Alencon.

Wil. My Liege, this was my glove, here is the fellow of it; and he that I gave it to in change, promis'd to wear it in his cap; I promis'd to strike him if he did; I met this man with my glove in his cap, and I have been as good as my word.

Flu. Your Majesty hear now, saving your Majesty's manhood, what an arrant, rascally, beggarly, lowsy knave it is; I hope your Majesty is pear me testimonies, and witnessses, and avouchments, that this is the glove of Alencon that your Majesty is give me, in your conscience now.

K. Hen. Give me thy glove, soldier; look, here is the fellow of it; 'twas me indeed thou promised't to strike, and thou hast given me most bitter terms.

Flu. An please your Majesty let his neck answer for it, if there is any martial law in the world.

K. Hen. How canst thou make me satisfaction?

Wil. All offences my Lord, come from the heart; never came any from mine that might offend your Majesty.

K. Hen. It was ourself thou didst abuse.

Wil. Your Majesty came not like yourself; you appear'd to me but as a common man; witness the night, your garments, your lowliness; and what your highness suffer'd under that shape, I beseech you take it for your fault and not mine; for had you been as I took you for, I made no offence; therefore I beseech your highness pardon me.

K. Hen. Here, uncle Exeter, fill this glove with crowns, And give it to this fellow. Keep, soldier,

And

And wear it for an honour in thy cap,
 'Till I do challenge it. Give him the crowns:
 And captain you must needs be friends with him.

Flu. By this day and this light, the fellow has mettle enough in his body; hold, there is twelve-pence for you, and I pray you to serve God, and keep you out of prawls and prabbles, and quarrels and dissentions, and I warrant you it is the better for you.

Wil. I will none of your money.

Flu. It is with a good will; I can tell you it will serve you to mend your shoes; come, wherefore should you be so passif; your shooes is not so good; 'tis a good filling I warrant you. or I will change it.

Enter English Herald.

K. Hen. Are the dead number'd? (*Herald gives a paper.*)
 What prisoners of good fort are taken, uncle?

Exc. Charles Duke of Orleans, nephew to the King;
 John Duke of Bourbon, and Lord Bouchiquald:
 Of other Lords and Barons, Knights and 'Squires,
 Full fifteen hundred, besides common men.

K. Hen. This note doth tell me of ten thousand French
 Slain in the field; of Princes in this number,
 And Nobles bearing banners, there lye dead
 One hundred twenty-six; added to these,
 Of Knights, Esquires, and gallant gentlemen,
 Eight thousand and four hundred; of the which,
 Five hundred were but yesterday dub'd Knights;
 So that in these ten thousand they have lost,
 There are but sixteen hundred mercenaries:
 The rest are Princes, Barons, Lords, Knights, 'Squires,
 And gentlemen of blood and quality.
 Here was a royal fellowship of death!
 Where is the number of our English dead?

Exc. Edward the Duke of York, the Earl of Suffolk,
 Sir Richard Ketley, Davy Gam, Esquire;
 None else of name: and of all other men,
 But five and twenty.

K. Henry. O Heav'n, thy arm was here!
 And not to us, but to thy arm alone
 Ascribe we all.

Come, go we in procession to the village:
 And be it death proclaim'd through our host,
 To boast of this, or take that praise from God,
 Which is his only.

Flu. Is it not lawful, and please your Majesty, to tell
 how many is kill'd?

K. Henry.

K. Hen. Yes, Captain; but with this acknowledgement, That God fought for us.

Flu. Yes, my conscience, he did us great good.

K. Hen. Do we all holy rites;
The dead with charity enclos'd in clay,
We will to Calais and to England then,
Where ne'er from France arriv'd more happy men. (*Exe.*)

ACT V. Scene I. *The English Camp in France. Enter Fluellen and Gower.*

Gow. **N**AY, that's right; but why wear you your leek to-day? St. David's day is past.

Flu. There is occasions and causes why and wherefore in all things; I will tell you as a friend, Captain Gower; the rascally, scould, beggarly, lowsie, praggling knave Pistol, which you and yourself and all the world know to be no petter than a fellow (look you now) of no merits; he is come to me and prings me pread and salt, yesterday, look you, and bid me eat my leek; it was in a place where I could breed no contentions with him; but I will be so pold as to wear it in my cap 'till I see him once again, and then I will tell him a little piece of my desires.

Enter Pistol.

Gow. Why here he comes swelling like a turky-cock.

Flu. 'Tis no matter for his swelling, nor his turky-cocks; God plesse you ancient Pistol: you scurvy lowsie knave, God plesse you.

Pist. Ha! art thou bedlam? dost thou thirst, base Trojan,

To have me fold up *Parcas'* fatal web?
Hence, I am qualmish at the smell of leek.

Flu. I pefeech you heartily, scurvy lowsie knave, at my desires and my requests and my petitions, to eat, look you, this leek, because, look you, you do not love it, and your affections and your appetites and your digestions does not agree with it; I would desire you to eat it.

Pist. Not for Cadwallader and his goats.

Flu. There is one goat for you, (*Strikes him.*)
Will you be to good, scald knave, as eat it?

Pist. Base Trojan, thou shalt die.

Flu. You say very true, scald knave, when God's will is: I will desire you to live the mean time and eat your victuals; come there is sawce for it—(*Strikes him*) You call'd me yesterday Mountain-Squire, but I will make you to-day a Squire of low degree. I pray you fall to; if you can mock a leek, you can eat a leek. (*Gow.*)

KING HENRY V.

41

Gow. Enough, Captain, you have astonish'd him.

Flu. I say I will make him eat some part of my leek, or I will peat his pate four days and four nights. Pite, I pray you, it is good for your green wound and your bloody coxcomb.

Pist. Must I bite?

Flu. Yes out of doubt and out out of questions too, and ambiguities.

Pist. By this leek I will most horribly revenge; I eat and swear—

Flu. Eat I pray you; will you have some more sawce to your leek? there is not enough leek to swear by.

Pist. Quiet thy cudgel, thou dost see I eat.

Flu. Much good do you, scald knave, heartily. Nav, pray you throw none away, the skin is good for your proken coxcomb; when you take occasion to see leeks hereafter, I pray you mock at 'em, that's all.

Pist. Good.

Flu. Ay, leeks is good; hold you, there is a groat to heal your pate.

Pist. Me a groat?

Flu. Yes verily and in truth you shall take it, or I have another leek in my pocket which you shall eat.

Pist. I take thy groat in earnest of revenge.

Flu. If I owe you any thing I will pay you incudgels, you shall be a woodmonger, and buy nothing of me but cudgels; God pe wi' you and keep you, and heal your pate.

[Exit.]

Pist. All hell shall stir for this.

Gow. Go, go, you are a counterfeit cowardly knave; will you mock at an ancient tradition, began upon an honourable respect, and worn as a memorable trophy of predeceased valour, and dare not avouch in your deeds any of your words? I have seen you gleeking and galling at this gentleman twice or thrice. You thought, because he could not speak English in the native garb, he could not therefore handle an English cudgel; you find it otherwise, and henceforth let a Welsh correction teach you a good English condition: fare you well. *Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *The French Court at Trois, in Champagne*
Enter King Henry, Exeter, Bedford, and other Lords; meeting the French King, Queen Isabel, Princess Catharine, the Duke of Burgundy, and other French Lords and Ladies.

K. Hen. Peace to this meeting, wherefore we are met: Unto our brother France, and to our sister,

E

KING HENRY V.

Health and fair time of day ; joy and good wishes
To our most fair and princely cousin Catherine ;
And as a branch and member of this royalty,
By whom this great assembly is contriv'd,
We do salute you Duke of Burgundy.

And Princes, French and Peers, health to you all.

Fr. King. Right joyous are we to behold your face,
Most worthy brother England, fairly met,
So are you Princes English, every one.

2. Isa. So happy be the issue, brother England,
Of this good day, and of this gracious meeting,
As we are now glad to behold your eyes :
Your eyes, which hitherto have born in them
Against the French that met them in their bent,
The fatal balls of murdering basilisks :
The venom of such looks we fairly hope
Have lost their quality, and that this day
Shall change all griefs and quarrels into love.

K. Hen. To cry *Amen* to that, thus we appear.

2. Isa. You English Princes all, I do salute you.

Burg. My duty to you both on equal love ;
Great Kings of France and England. That I've labour'd
With all my wits, my pains, and strong endeavours
To bring your most imperial Majesties
Unto this bar and royal interview,
Your mightinesses on both parts can witness.
Since then my office hath so far prevail'd,
That face to face and royal eye to eye,
You have congregated : let it not disgrace me,
If I demand before this royal view
What rub or what impediment there is,
Why that the naked, poor and mangled peace,
Dear nurse of arts, plentics, and joyful births,
Should not in this best garden of the world
Our fertile France put up her lovely visage ?

K. Hen. If, Duke of Burgundy, you would the peace,
Which you have cited ; you must buy that peace
With full accord to all our just demands :
Whose tenures and particular effects
You have enschedul'd briefly in your hands.

Burg. The King hath heard them ; to the which as yet
There is no answer made.

K. Hen. Well then ; the peace
Which you before so urg'd, lies in his answer.

Fr. King. I have but with a cursorary eye

O'er-glanced the articles ; pleaseth your grace
 To appoint some of your council presently
 To sit with us, once more with better heed
 To re-survey them ; we will suddenly
 Pass our accept and peremptory answer.

K. Hen. Brother, we shall Go, uncle Exeter,
 Cousin of Westmorland, Bedford, and Gloucester;
 And take with you free power to ratify,
 Augment, or alter, as your wisdoms best
 Shall see advantageable for our dignity,
 And we'll consign thereto. Will you, fair sister,
 Go with the Princes, or stay here with us?

2. Isa. Our gracious brother, I will go with them ;
 Haply a woman's voice may do some good,
 When articles too nicely urged be stood on.

K. Hen. Yet leave our cousin Catharine here with us,
 She is our capital demand, compris'd
 Within the fore-rank of our articles

2. Isa. She hath good leave.

[*Exeunt.*

Moment King Henry and Catharine.

K. Hen. Fair Catharine, most fair,
 Will you vouchsafe to teach a soldier terms,
 Such as will enter at a lady's ear,
 And plead his love-suit to her gentle heart?

Cath. Your Majesty shall mock at me, I cannot speak
 your England.

K. Hen. O fair Catharine, if you love me soundly with
 your French heart, I will be glad to hear you confess it
 brokenly with your English tongue. Do you like me,
 Kate?

Cath. I cannot tell what is like me.

K. Hen. An angel is like you, Kate, and you are like
 an angel.

Lady. De tongues of de mans is be full of deceits.

K. Hen. No faith, Kate, I know no ways to mince it
 in love, but directly to say I love you ; then if you urge
 me further than to say, do you in faith? I wear out my
 suit. Give me your answer, if faith do, and so clap hands
 and a bargain ; how say you, lady?

Cath. We understand well.

K. Hen. Marry if you would put me to verses, or to
 dance for your sake, Kate, why you undid me ; if I could
 win a lady by vaulting into my saddle with my armour on
 my back ; under the correction of bragging be it spoken, I
 should quickly leap into a wife. But before Heaven, Kate,

I cannot look greenly nor gasp out my elegence, nor have I cunning in protestation; only downright oaths, which I never use 'till urg'd, and never break for urging. If thou canst love a fellow of this temper, Kate, whose face is not worth f-a-burning: that never looks in his glass for love of any thing he sees there; let thine eye be thy cook. I speak plain soldier; if thou canst love me for this, take me; if not, to say to thee that I shall die is true; but for thy love, by the Lord, no: yet I love thee too. And while thou liv'st dear Kate, take a fellow of plain and uncoined constancy, for a good leg will fall, a straight back will stoop, a black beard will turn white, but a good heart, Kate, is the sun and the moon; or rather the sun, and not the moon; for it burns bright and never changes, but keeps his course truly. If thou would'st have such a one, take me; take me, take a soldier; take a soldier, take a King: and what say'st thou then to my love?

Cath. Is it possible dat I shoulde love de enemy of France?

K. Hen. No, it is not possible that you should love the enemy of France, Kate; but in loving me you shall love the friend of France; for I love France so well that I will not part with a village of it: I will have it all mine: and Kate when France is mine and I am yours, then yours is France, and you are mine. But Kate, dost thou understand thus much English? canst thou love me?

Cath. I cannot tell.

K. Hen. Can any of your neighbours tell, Kate? Come, I know thou lovest me; and at night when you come into your closet, you'll question your gentlewomen about me: and I know, Kate you will to them dispraise those parts in me that you love with your heart. If ever thou breest mine, Kate, (as I have saving faith within me tells me thou shalt) I get thee with scrambling, and thou must therefore needs prove a good soldier-breeder: shall not thou and I between St. Dennis and St. George, compound a boy half French, half English, that shall go to Constaninople and take the Turk by the beard? shall we not, my fair Flower de Luce? How answer you, *La plus belle Catharine du monde, mon tres chere & divine deesse*.

Cath. Your Majestee ave faulse Frenche enough to deceive the most sage demobel dat is en France.

K. Hen. Now fie upon my false French; by mine honour in true English I love thee, Kate; by which honour I dare not swear thou lovest me, yet my blood begins to flatter me, that thou dost, notwithstanding the poor and untempting

tempting effect of my visage. Now bestrew my father's ambition, he was thinking of civil wars when he got me; therefore was I created with a stubborn outside, with an aspect of iron, that when I come to woo ladies I fright them; but in faith, Kate, the elder I wax, the better I shall appear. My comfort is, that old age (that ill layer up of beauty) can do no more spoil upon my face. Thou hast me, if thou hast me, at the worst, and thou shalt wear me, if thou wear me, better and better; and therefore tell me, most fair Catharine, will you have me? Rut off your maiden blushes, avouch the thoughts of your heart with the looks of an Empress, take me by the hand and say, Harry of England, I am thine; which word thou shalt no sooner bless mine ear withal, but I will tell thee aloud, England is thine, Ireland is thine, France is thine, and Henry Plantagenet is thine; who tho' I speak it before his face, if he be not fellow with the best King, thou shalt find the best King of good fellows. Come, your answer in broken music; for thy voice is music and thy English broken: therefore Queen of all, Catharine, break thy mind to me in broken English, wilt thou have me?

Cath. Dat is as it shall please *le roy mon pere.*

K. Hen. Nay, it will please him well, Kate; it shall please him, Kate.

Cath. Den it shall also content me.

K. Hen. Upon that I kiss you, and I call you my Queen. (*Kissing her.*) You have witchcraft in your lips, Kate; there is more eloquence in a touch of them than in the tongues of the French council; and they should sooner persuade Harry of England than a general petition of monarchs. Her comes your father.

Enter the French King and Queen, with French and English Lords.

Burg. My royal cousin, teach you our Princess English?

K. Hen. I would have her learn, my fair cousin, how perfectly I love her, and that is good English.

Burg. Is she apt?

K. Hen. Our tongue is rough, and my condition is not smooth; so that having neither the voice nor the heart of flattery about me, I cannot so conjure up the spirit of love in her that he will appear in his true likeness. Shall Kate be my wife?

Fr. King. So please you.

West. The King hath granted every article. His daughter first; and then in sequel all,

According

According to their firm proposed nature.

Fr. King. Take her, fair son, and from her blood
raise up

Issue to me, that these contending kingdoms

England and France, whose very shores look pale

With envy of each other's happiness,

May cease their hatred; and this dear conjunction

Plant neighbourhood and Christian-like accord

In their sweet breasts, that never war advance

His bleeding sword 'twixt England and fair France.

K. Hen. Now welcome, Kate: and bear me witness all

That here I take her as my Sovereign Queen.

Prepare we for our marriage; on which day,

My lord of Burgundy, we'll take your oath,

And all the Peers, for surety of our leagues.

Then shall I swear to Kate, and you to me,

And may our oaths well kept and prosperous be.

(*Exeunt Omnes.*)

THE END.



